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The Wisconsin Dells

By H. H. Bennett.

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Autographs of Our Party and Incidents of Our Stay at the Dells.

The Wisconsin Dells.

In calling the attention of the readers of this little book to the rare beauty and wonders of the region it attempts to describe, we feel that we are only performing a pleasant duty we owe every lover of the picturesque and beautiful in nature. As it may come to the notice of some who have never visited the Dells of the Wisconsin, we believe the first information given should be as to locality and how to best reach the place. In brief, then, the Dells are about one hundred and twenty-five miles above where the Wisconsin River empties into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien, a little south and west of what would be considered the center of the state. Four daily passenger trains from Chicago and Milwaukee on the east and from Minneapolis and St. Paul on the northwest, over the direct route between these points of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, afford ready communication with all parts of the country with the little Village of Kilbourn City, Wisconsin; and here, reader, you are invited to stop and look about a little, and we leave the probability of your stay for the summer, or the repetition of your visit, to be settled in your own mind, after a day in the Dells. Our hotel accommodations are excellent, and for such as prefer the quiet of a home, private boarding houses offer all that can be desired. Safe, pleasant and commodious steamers, under the efficient management of the "Wisconsin Dells Resort Company," ply the river subject to the order of tourists within such limits as to time as will best accommodate all their patrons.

The Dells consist of a series of Potsdam sandstone cliffs extending about seven miles along the banks of the Wisconsin River. By the action of the water these cliffs, soft and friable, have been cut into such grotesque, curious and beautiful forms, and of such endless variety, that the eye never tires of looking at them. The ride on the river is not the least among the attractions of a visit here. The stream at the head of the Dells is broad and shallow and dotted with a bevy of lovely green islands, heavily timbered with oak, willow and a sprinkling of evergreens. As it enters the pass between the cliffs the river narrows and deepens, till midway down it is confined for a mile to less than a hundred feet, and in one place the rocky shores have hugged the stream into the space of fifty-two feet. The rocks on either side are covered with flowers and ferns and mosses down to the water's edge, and these, under the bright sun, are most charmingly reproduced in the still waters below. Through this delightful passage by sunlight and by moonlight, the little steamer ploughs its way, and old and young, and everybody, tell us it is passing beautiful. No little pains and expense have been taken to make the more remarkable glens and canons accessible for ladies and it is possible to visit "Witches' Gulch," "Coldwater Canon," "Rood's Glen," and a hundred other points of interest, with ease and comfort. All these ravines and caverns unnumbered abound in the curious, the wild and the weird.

As to the best way to see the Dells, those who have tried it will certainly tell you to take the steamer for the up-stream trip, but before leaving the landing to engage a guide, with his staunch and comfortable keel boat to bring you back, thus giving an opportunity of seeing so much in detail that is not seen or realized from the steamer's deck, and where landing a steamboat is impossible. The guides here are strong, capable, courteous and obliging gentlemen, who have spent years in their work, thereby becoming expert with oars and the management of their boats, knowing where everything of interest is to be found, with certain knowledge of the location of every sand bar or reef of

rock. If for any reason you choose to be your own guide and oarsman they will furnish you a boat to be taken up by the steamer; or, the trip can be made both ways on the steamer, which affords time to visit Coldwater Canon and Witches' Gulch. Two round trips are made each day, in both forenoon and afternoon, and, in addition, occasional moonlight excursions, which are particularly enjoyable.

Occasionally Indians are to be met about the Dells now, but no longer ago than the late 1850's there were great numbers of them here, subsisting chiefly by hunting and fishing, the river yielding large quantities of sturgeon, catfish, pickerel, bass and many other varieties of fish to their expert use of spear and line. Then, and prior to that time, there were three tribes here, Chippewas, Menomonees and Winnebagoes, easily distinguished by the color of blanket worn. The languages of these tribes differed quite materially, yet not so much so that they could not understand one another very well with the aid of signs.

Later they were removed to reservations North and in the West. Is it any wonder they did not want to go, leaving a region so beautiful and perfectly adapted to their life, and that they should protest emphatically against being compelled to go, even to the extent of deciding in their councils, as the Winnebagoes did, who were the last to be taken away (about 1870), that they would fight if necessary rather than be removed to Nebraska? But their war spirit fled when a few troops came and they went peacefully, though many of them came back on foot, reaching here sooner than the agents who took them away did by modern conveyance.

YELLOW THUNDER.

Among those who owned land and so could not be compelled to go was Yellow Thunder (Wah-kon-ja-z-gah), a warrior chief; though one hundred and twenty years old at the time of the removal of his tribe, his war spirit was aroused to such an extent that he counseled resistance, even to the shedding the last drop of his people's blood.

His farm, acquired under Andrew Jackson's administration, was located about five miles from the foot of the Dells and consisted of a forty-acre tract, quite well cultivated, and on which there was a log house, but the old man preferred to live in a tent (Wouc-chig-ah-che-dah) close by, except at times when he was desirous of adopting the customs of civilization, then he would sleep in the house, inside the rails of an old bedstead, upon the ground, the house having no floor.

NAH-JU-ZE-GAH—BROWN EYES.

A belief of the older ones of these people is that a part of their life goes into a picture taken of themselves, this superstition was a source of trouble, not to say danger, to an artist who managed to get a picture of Yellow Thunder in the autumn preceding the spring in which he died, because many of his tribe believed that in some mysterious way the process of making the picture had absorbed what should have been the remaining years of his life.

They are an interesting people, full of tradition, superstition and beliefs that will amuse, if not be instructive, to any one who can gain their good will and so persuade them to talk of themselves.

"Any attempt at description of the Dells would be incomplete without reference to the studio of H. H. Bennett, located in Kilbourn, whose views of the Dells first brought them to the notice of the outside world, and which have attained a degree of photographic and artistic merit that has given him rank with the best landscape photo artists of the world. At his place you will find a large and varied collection of pictures, not alone of the Dells, but of the surrounding scenic attractions. Not the least of the pleasure of our visit to the Dells was the time spent in the Bennett studio."

The accompanying illustrations are half-tone reproductions from a few of the many hundred excellent photographic views embraced in Mr. Bennett's collection.

LOWER JAWS OF THE DELLS.

Candor requires and inclination prompts the statement, that in the preparation of this book, liberal use has been made of the contents of a "Guide for Tourists," published some years ago by Mr. F. O. Wisner, and for which we cheerfully acknowledge obligation.

Principal Points in the Upper Dells.

Angel Rock is situated about one-half mile from the steamer landing, on the right hand side of the river as you go up the stream, and is a rugged projection, curiously shaped. It is also called Marble Rock, from the peculiar, little, round lumps of sandstone found on the ledge and in the river below.

Swallows' Rock, or where the swallows live, is a little further along on the same side. In early spring and summer, thousands of beautiful little swallows may be seen here filling the air and in the brown cliffs, occupying innumerable holes in the rock, safe from danger, and the happiest family to be found anywhere.

The Jaws of the Dells, or entrance to the Dells proper, are guarded by two immense rocks, standing like sentinels on duty and sternly looking down in their stately grandeur, as if disputing the

right of man to explore the intricate passage beyond. The rock on the right is called

High Rock, and rises seventy-five feet above the river. It presents a rugged, rough aspect, with curiously shaped sides, and has a meagre growth of stunted pines, birch and other trees and foliage. On the left is

Romance Cliff, which is a grand old pile of stately rocks covered with a growth of trees and shrubbery. It is somewhat higher and more stately than its *vis-a-vis*, High Rock, and has more of the curious and wonderful in its make-up and general appearance. It is suggestive of the stately crags and beetling cliffs of the weird and grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains. Legends and Indian romances are told of this wonderful cliff.

CHIMNEY ROCK AND HIGH ROCK.

Chimney Rock.—This is one of Nature's singular freaks, left standing for innumerable ages, formed by the action of the wild waters, looking like the old-fashioned stick-and-mortar chimney of the days of the forefathers. It stands just beyond High Rock.

Echo Cove.—A most pleasing echo can be had here, and it is a beautiful place for bathing and enjoying a quiet hour in a cool, pleasant retreat.

The Old Dell House at Allen's Landing, on the left, is one of the oldest houses in this part of the country. It is a block house, made of square timber originally, but in later years covered with siding, built by Robert V. Allen in 1837-8, who kept it as a tavern for many years, he also established a ferry across the river at this point, it being one of the principal lines of travel for the pioneers from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and the Pineries of Wisconsin. Then came the development of the pine lumber industries of the upper Wisconsin and its tributaries and the manufacture of vast quantities of lumber, which could only be got to market by rafting and floating it down the river to points on the Mississippi, where it could be used or from whence it could be conveyed inland for consumption. So, in time, this river became one of the greatest highways for the conveying of lumber of any of the tributaries of the Mississippi. Those were booming days for the old place, a point where the raftsmen could obtain supplies of food and liquid refreshment, for which they had various names. In extreme high water all the rafts that came from above had to be tied up at the head of the Dells, three miles farther up the stream, to await the falling of the water to such a stage as would make the running of the Narrows less dangerous; at such times great numbers of rafts, covering many acres, would accumulate around the mouth of Witches' Gulch and among the islands beyond, if the river remained very high, as it did many days almost every spring flood. As soon as the flood subsided enough to make the passage of the Narrows possible by having several men on an oar, there was a busy time, each pilot striving to get his fleet through to the quiet water in the eddy at the Dell House first. This having to put several men onto an oar through the Narrows necessitated a number of trips for each crew to bring their respective fleets through this part of the Dells, and "giging back" (walking) from the Dell House to the head of the Dells. By far the larger part of the raftsmen in those days were not prominent as "Sons of Temperance" or kindred organizations, at least not consistent members, and would, on landing safely at the Dell House, partake freely of the concentrated river water kept there for emergencies; if the trip had not been successful and the raft had been broken

up, then something must be taken to the success of the next trip; if one of the crew had been lost in the mad waters, partaking of something in token of good wishes for his hereafter was not to be neglected by any means, and sometimes like token was deemed necessary for the welfare of each of his surviving relatives, and so the old place became the scene of many a boisterous time, which may be all the foundation there is for the stories of the horrible crimes committed in and about the place in the early days. To-day no "Yellow River howl" announces the arrival of a fleet from that tributary, and we need not expect to meet lumber from Grand Rapids, or any of the big mills above; the railroads have got into the Pineries, and all the lumber goes to market in that way; the raftsmen are gone, but the old house stands there, windowless and deserted, open to everyone who may choose to visit its tenantless rooms.

BOAT CAVE.

Chapel Gorge.—This is the next interesting place, is above the Dell House and on the right. It is named from the peculiarly shaped rock at its entrance, resembling a pulpit in a place of worship. The Gorge is pleasant and shady.

Boat Cave is just beyond the Gorge and may be explored with small boats. It should always be visited to be appreciated, although a general idea may be had from the steamer's deck. It is one of the most peculiar formations, showing the action of the water upon the soft sandstone, and is one of the places where the guides can get fire out of the water.

Circle Bend, where the river and rocks form a half circle. The rocks are high and bold, presenting a cliff of solid masonry, formed and carved and hewn and worn into a wall of adamant by the action of the whirling waters. Its top is covered with a dense growth of cedar, hemlock, pine, birch, oak and all the many varieties of ferns and shrubbery that so abundantly abound throughout the Dells.

Sturgeon Rock, on left, is a bold, projecting point. Here we enter upon the looked-for wild grandeur of the Dells. On the right is the

Navy Yard.—To our mind this is the most picturesque and wonderful formation on the river. Here we have one of the most striking and natural "Navies" to be found in the world. Neither perishable wooden or iron ships, formed and modeled by man, but those built by the hands of Him who hath formed all the wonders of nature. Huge stone vessels of war, these, with prows and sides and ribs so solid and staunch that for ages they have withstood the battles and warring of the waters, and as time has rolled on they have become more complete and shapely in form and build. Bold guardians are they of the Narrows.

GIANT'S HAND.

The Giant's Hand is in a grotto between two of the hulks near the lower end of the Navy Yard. About two feet of the sleeve and ten feet of a left hand of stone is seen above the water and laid palm against the hulk in the right, as you view it from a row boat, so perfect in form that you wonder if to drain the water away fifty or more feet deep here would not disclose the Giant to whom it belongs; leastways it is quite perfect enough to prove the truth of an Indian legend, the substance of which is, that the vessels of the Navy Yard are some of Cortez' ships that came exploring in this northern country and the explorers treated the Indians so badly as to anger their God, who in his wrath laid his hand on the ships and turned them to stone.

Eaton Grotto is a long, deep opening extending far into the rugged wall of rock, on the opposite side from the Navy Yard.

Skylight Cave is a very similar opening to that of Eaton Grotto, and is just at the head of the Navy Yard. Here, with a small boat, you can seek the deep recess of the rock, lighted by a little rift in the rocks overhead. It is a delightful place to visit.

Glen Eyrie is on the right, and extends back from the river nearly a mile. It is a delightful place for a ramble, and is filled with beautiful ferns and flowers. Across it, near the river, there is a foot bridge for the convenience of those who love to ramble along the river bank, one of the many improvements made by the "Dells Resort Company."

The Narrows or Black Hawk's Leap.—Here the river suddenly narrows to the width of only *fifty-two* feet, and the water is *eighty* feet in depth. The river is now running upon its edge, hemmed in on either side by ponderous rocks. In low water the current is nearly as calm and placid as at any point on the Dells, but when the river is up, the raging waters come pouring through this narrow gorge with terrific force.

The Old Bridge.—About the year 1848, Mr. Schuyler S. Gates erected a substantial bridge across the Narrows. This was the first bridge ever built across the Wisconsin, and was used for a number of years or until the railroad bridge was built at Kilbourn. Thousands of teams and passengers paid toll here. It was carried away by the high water of 1866.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

The Devil's Elbow is the point where the river makes an almost square turn just at the entrance of the Narrows.

Black Hawk's Cave can now be seen on the left hand. It was here, the legend hath it, where the old chief hid safe and secure in the days of the Black Hawk war; and there is another story, that he leaped his pony from bank to bank to elude his pursuers. Of course we would not dispute the romance by questioning the authenticity of this wonderful feat.

Notch Rock.—This was the raftman's dread of the Narrows. It is a square, boulder-looking rock on the left, and is known as Raftman's

Terror, on which, in high water, rafts were often broken and lives lost. You can see it close down to the water's edge.

Rattlesnake Rock is the high crag or solitary looking rock on the left, just back of Notch Rock. It is covered with shrubbery.

Sliding Rocks are here upon either side of the stream, and are so called from their peculiar formation—the sides being oval shaped and sliding inward, throwing the water to the center of the stream.

Artist's Glen.—This is one of the most beautiful ravines on the river. It is on the right, nearly opposite Rattlesnake Rock. This glen is delightful for picnic grounds, and has a large number of fine butternut and other trees, affording an elegant retreat. Just beyond, among the trees, high up from the river, is

The Larks—neither birds, nor a lot of young men out for a time, but a cozy building erected by the "Dells Resort Company" for a restuarant and dancing hall, with wide verandas, from which fine views, both down into the Narrows and up the river, are afforded, while across the river you can see for some distance down the

Old Channel of the River, now choked by a high sand bank, which is on the left in going up the river; but, high as it is in low water, some seasons the spring floods raise the river high enough so that a part of the stream runs over it and around a large tract of land, coming out and uniting again with the main river, near the old Dell House, forming an island. About half a mile back from the old Dell House there is another branch, without water now, except a small creek part of the way, leading south and then east, joining the present river again a short distance below the railroad bridge at Kilbourn. Much of the way this old channel is as well defined as the present river, and as interesting, several isolated rocks of strange shapes, that were islands, many caves and grottoes in the high cliffs, along either side, much of the distance.

If you are strong take a tramp through the old channel some time in the autumn, when the day is not too warm, and you will enjoy it; but if you are feeble or indolent don't try it, for there is no boule-vard or sidewalk there, not even a country road or path that you can use, but a go-as-you-please route in the woods, over old sand bars, through the bushes and some of the way in the swamp, with an occasional climb to the top of a high cliff that will be rewarded by magnificent views and more extended than can be had from the low land.

A few rods up the stream from "The Larks" and on the same side of the river is the mouth of

Coldwater Canon.—This canon is one of the grand features of the Dells. Land from the steamer, when a substantial plank walk takes you safely over the slack water. You proceed through the rocky defile and under the frowning crags, to the restaurant kept by Capt. C. D. Van Wie, who can satisfy your hunger for food and *thirst* for knowledge of the Dells, he having been for years a raftsman on the river, and at one time captain of one of the steamers plying on the Dells. But a little further along up the canon, you come to that wonderful

Devil's Jug.—The entrance is but a short distance from Captain Van Wie's, and in a moment you reach a deep, wild, narrow gorge, walled in with rocks, which are, in some places, almost vertical, and in others overhanging the pathway. The gorge is so narrow that we do not see the jug until we step inside of it, and look around with wondering curiosity upon its splendid curves and magnificent proportions. It is, of course, a broken jug, the ravine extending through and beyond it for a considerable distance, and on one side the lines are imperfect, owing, doubtless, to the unusual hardness of the rocks, but the other side is hollowed into a perfect resemblance of the inside of an immense jug, as smoothly fashioned as if turned upon a potter's wheel. The entire width of the Jug is about thirty-five feet at the bottom, and its height is not far from seventy feet. The rift at the top is quite narrow, admitting light enough to see with tolerable distinctness, but leaving the upper part of the cavern in twilight gloom. The gorge beyond the Jug is passable for some distance. A ramble through this vast canon and a visit to the Jug will afford a world of

pleasure. All the many varieties of ferns and mosses may be gathered here.

Ruffle Rocks are upon the left side of the stream, and would look well on the shirt-fronts of the giants of olden days. They adorn with becoming grace the river's side.

The Devil's Arm Chair.—You will wonder why the d—l he should perch his chair in such a place, unless, he, too, is an admirer of the wonders of nature. It is on the left and but a short distance from Coldwater Canon.

Clam Banks, on the right, is so called because of the shape and stratification of the rocks, bearing close resemblance to gigantic clam-shells.

Leland's Point is a striking feature of the scenery on the right and a little further up the river than the Clam Banks. A few rods beyond is

The Pines, a name Mr. Robinson has given his new and exceedingly pretty and attractive resort. It is situated high above and commands a fine view of the river from both the house and grounds.

Cameleon Cave is a seam in the bank, and can only be visited by climbing a ladder, going to the high bank, and then down into the earth. You will need a guide and the light of a lantern to reach the bottom. It contains beautiful, changing mosses. It is on the right, just below Steamboat Rock.

Steamboat Rock will challenge especial attention. It stands, an island, in a curious, circular cove, and vastly resembles, from some points, a huge ocean steamer, minus smokestack and wheel-house. It is probably about 250 feet long by 100 feet wide and some 40 to 50 feet in height, with perpendicular, rugged sides and covered with pine, oak and shrubbery.

Rood's Glen.—This is just beyond Steamboat Rock, on the right, its entrance marked by a little sand bar, and extending back from the river about six hundred feet. Similar to Coldwater Canon, or almost a cavern, it is a place all admire who visit it while on the down-stream trip in a row boat.

Arch Cove or Paradise is a delightful place for picnic parties. It is from here you will get the best view of the many islands at the head of the Dells, and a magnificent view of the river for a long distance. The cove is a beautiful, shady recess, and contains an elegant spring of pure, fresh water. It is on the left hand side of the river, nearly opposite the mouth of

Witches' Gulch.—At the head of the Dells, on the right, extending three-quarters of a mile from the shore, will be found this remarkable Gulch. The precipitous rocks tower aloft on either side to the height of perhaps a hundred feet, their sides being worn smooth and their ragged edges rounded off by the long-continued action of the water. One can almost touch with outstretched arms both sides of this gloomy gorge, which surpasses in grandeur anything hitherto seen in the Dells. The rocks overhead are in many places shelving and rounded into immense scollops. The stream through this wild pass is in many places waist-deep. It contains many curious points—a miniature waterfall, Phantom Chamber, Diamond Grotto, and hundreds of other remarkable features, that to describe justly would take more room than our space affords. No one visiting the Dells should fail to see this wild, weird and tortuous Gulch. It challenges the admiration of all who see it, with its strange, marvelous, startling grandeur.

The Islands.—From the entrance to the Dells, or "upper jaws," we have an elegant view of the river, bluffs and islands for a long distance. This view is often compared to a similar scene on Lake George. Here the river "spreads itself" all over the country, as it were, and is full one-half mile in width and very shallow, the water in summer being not over one or two feet in depth. About three-fourths of a mile from Witches' Gulch we find, on the left bank, a number of interesting points, which can be reached with small boats, except in very low water, by ascending Blazier's Creek, emptying into the river at the foot of Blazier's Rock. A narrow but easily accessible pathway, amid ferns and shrubbery, leads up along the side of the hill to that curious natural phenomenon,

Hornets' Nest, which has the shape and, at a short distance, the general appearance of an immense hornets' nest. It serves as a pillar in front of a natural portico, the rock having in the course of time been washed out, leaving a flat roof overhead, with the Hornets' Nest as its principal support. Passing through the archway formed by this singular rock, we ascend and follow the hillside for a few rods, and presently stand in

STAND ROCK.

Luncheon Hall.— The waters have at some remote period swept through here with great force, wearing a passage through and under the rocks, and leaving the flat rocks which formerly stood at the "top of the heap" as a natural roof for the hall, which is of considerable extent, and a favorite place for picnic parties. The roof has a single break, a few inches wide; otherwise it is perfect; and the rocks which support it furnish convenient seats and tables.

Located on the top of a ridge, the hall presents a grand appearance to the spectator at a distance, and commands a fine view of the river. Once within its massive portals, awe gives place to curiosity, and the visitor finds pleasure in observing the odd shapes which the rocks have assumed under the slow but persistent action of the current which once swept the Wisconsin Valley, leaving its impress on every hill, and cutting its way through the rocks until it formed the romantic channel through which the river now runs. A short distance from Luncheon Hall, we find the wonderful

Stand Rock.—To reach this, we ascend the bank a short distance and follow along the edge of the ridge, coming to the rock upon the upper side. People with sufficient nerve, and not having an immediate fear of the hereafter, can reach the top of the Stand by a leap of some eight feet. If you miss your footing you will probably fetch up forty feet below. The top of the rock—a large sandstone slab—is nearly as level as a floor, and its superficial area is about eighteen by twenty-four feet. A pathway leads to the foot of it, and the view from below is more interesting than that from above. The water-rounded column which supports the superpoised tablet is of rather irregular shape and is forty-six feet high. With the neighboring rock a sort of arch is formed, somewhat resembling the cavernous opening at Luncheon Hall. All around is a scene of beauty. The hills are covered with trees clothed with magnificent summer foliage; a fine farm, trees and shurbs spread out up-riverward, and the glen is full of ferns and flowers, in gorgeous profusion. A part of a day devoted to this locality is time well spent.

This ends this brief and imperfect description of the principal points in the Upper Dells. But the tourist will find along the entire way, from the steamer's landing to Stand Rock, hundreds of other curious and interesting points that are not named or laid down on the map. In the vicinity of Stand Rock is the Squaw's Bed Chamber, a curious cave in the hillside, Vizor Ledge, and many others, all of which should be visited.

To reach the interesting objects at the head of the Dells, such as Stand Rock, Luncheon Hall, etc., that are not easily reached by steamer, the tourist can employ a carriage and enjoy a few miles' ride through the woods. It is a most pleasant feature for a day's enjoyment.

The Lower Dells.

Your stay at the Dells will not be complete unless you visit the Lower Dells, which extend for three miles below the village. The river here is broader and the banks present a greater diversity of bluff and bottom; but the character of the rocks composing the banks is the same, and a similar though varied succession of curious and pleasing forms is presented. The rocks, as in the Upper Dells, have been worn and hollowed and rounded into every imaginable shape except that of "Rock Me to Sleep;" we are almost sure that some close observer will yet discover "Rock the Cradle" somewhere in this vicinity. In some places great shelves, with stalwart young pines growing upon their very edges, overhang the dark waters; elsewhere perpendicular walls loom up like the front of some vast fortification, and a little further on a similar wall is supplanted with coigns, bastions, projecting towers and covered archways; again the rocks are rounded at their bases so as to resemble the sterns of small vessels—much inferior in size and appearance to the ponderous hulks at the Navy Yard in the Dells above. Then the rocks slope gently downward to the green, grassy vale, where a pretty farm gives charming variety to the panorama, and on the opposite side broad bottom, where Newport once stood in her pride, now interesting in her remarkable decay Farther down the river are the more noted objects which claim the attention of tourists, and which we will attempt in our way to describe when we get to them.

The lofty banks here, as in the Upper Dells, are crowned with a luxuriant growth of trees, shrub, plants and grass. The first attraction after leaving the landing is

Echo Point.—Standing upon the rocky cliff where the tunnel from Taylor's Glen comes out from under the railroad, any unusual elevation of the voice brings a prompt and distinct response from the massive, smooth-faced cliff opposite, every word and tone being repeated with surprising clearness and accuracy. A little farther down and on the same side of the river, is

Bear's Cave.—It is a hole in the rock with a cleft extending out to the edge of the cliff, and thence downward to the water's edge, the cave forming a recess near the top, into which you may descend if you choose; but you will find it bare, the bear having moved away some time ago. From the rift grows a large pine, which does not seem to pine much for Bruin's company. A little further down on the same side, is

Chimney Rock.—A little less in size than the one up the river, but greatly resembling it in situation and appearance. Then comes the Pulpit, standing near the water's edge and shaped like the sacred desk in some sanctuaries. Below this on the river, but above it in height, is

Observation Point, standing upon which you obtain a magnificent view, both up and down the river and across the country for miles toward the south. On the opposite side is

HAWK'S BILL.

Stultz Rock, once a terror to the raftsmen, and so named for one of them whose raft struck it and went to pieces, leaving him clinging to one of the crags of the rock all night in a terrible storm. Here, too, is

The Hawk's Bill, showing against the sky at the top of the cliff as you approach it from either up or down the stream, very like the wide-open beak of a bird of gigantic proportions. This spot, too, was a

Signal Peak, upon which the red men used to light their signal fires to warn their people up and down the river of the approach of enemies or the coming of a friendly tribe. A little way back from

SUGAR BOWL.

here is the summer home of Mr. S. H. Kerfoot and family. Mr. Kerfoot is one of Chicago's most respected and well-known citizens, who here finds health and recreation in making the desert bloom as a garden. His premises have a river frontage of quite a mile down the stream from a short distance above Stultz Rock, embracing much of the finest of the scenery in the Lower Dells and which afford him and his friends great pleasure, not, however, to the exclusion from its beauties of anyone who would not mar or injure its attractions. Proceeding on on our way past the old Town of Newport, on the right, we come to

Sugar Bowl, which stands out in the stream, as cleverly moulded as one could wish. The shape of this singular freak of nature is very true to its name. We pull around it, but despair of getting at the inside of it, because the lid is on tight, and held down by a miniature forest of pines.

Cave of the Dark Waters is in Grotto Rock, just to the right of Sugar Bowl, a cavern which you can go into and through with a row boat and see other openings or passageways that are too small and crooked to get a boat through. The cave was sometimes called by the Indians "Place of the Nah-hu-nah," (sturgeon). A few rods down a channel of the river, that is dry during the low water in summer, is another and smaller cave, which is easily reached by a short walk and well repays the trouble. We have seen nothing in this vicinity more curious and wonderful than this rock, the outer walls and internal caverns of which show the shaping effects of different currents and eddies of water. Mr. Bennett has secured fine stereoscopic views of the rock and its recesses.

The Inkstand next claims our attention. At first view it seems a counterpart of the Sugar Bowl, but we soon perceive a difference. The rock, entire at the top, parts a little way down, and the passage tapering gradually is, at the water, wide enough to admit a small canoe. It is, you perceive, a counting-house inkstand, with two compartments, the larger for black and the smaller for red ink. It bristles on top with small pines, which, with the aid of an india rubber imagination, may be taken for quill pens, wherewith in the golden age, when the gods practiced the ways of men, Mercury wrote heavy leaders, and Minerva love stories, poetry and paragraphs for the *Olympian Thunderer*. Perhaps some classical e-codger may laugh at us for assigning such literary trifling to the Goddess of Wisdom. Laugh, then, and gather fatness on the ribs! Did not Solomon indite to his Ethiopian Queen a love-song so sweet and suggestive that the church accepts it as inspired from on high? Did he not deal in witty sayings and pungent para-

graphs which the itemizer of to-day, with the aid of the medical almanacs, vainly attempts to imitate? Did not St. Peter strike the liar—dead? Have not wise men in all ages turned to light literary work as a relaxation? Very well, then. Cease digression! We cannot carry away this inkstand, it is too firmly fixed and heavy to be removed; so we again turn our prow down stream to

Lone Rock, which stands in massive majesty mid-river, smiling with its summer chaplet of verdure upon the tawny flood that washes its feet. It is a broad oval in shape. We cannot give its exact dimensions. As we approach we find that its sides are perforated with caverns, into the largest of which you can go to the center and through the rock.

LOOKING OUT OF CAVE IN LONE ROCK.

There is much else of interest in a trip to the Lower Dells, in fact, every rod of the river and its shores are so, though in no place so narrow as the Narrows, and without any Witches' Gulch or Coldwater Canon of the Upper Dells, unless you are willing to take a walk of a mile from the river at one place to

Congress Hall, a very remarkable and curious rock glen similar to the Canon and Gulch. The best way to reach it, however, is by carriage and return through the pretty Village of Delton, which is near by. Here, too, is

Mirror Lake, celebrated for its scenic beauty in rock formations and bewildering reflections. The stories of truthful parties of the excellent bass and pickerel fishing there, are often fully proven by the fine strings of fish they show.

Taylor's Glen.—Just a pleasant walk at the southern limits of Kilbourn, is a choice bit of the beautiful which no tourist should fail to visit. You can do the Glen in a before-breakfast walk, and so while you enjoy a half-hour of the rarest scenery hereabouts, you can at the same time cultivate an appetite for steak and coffee, which will make breakfast a delight. While down there don't fail to go through the tunnel to the riverside, and challenge the saucy echo which shouts at everybody who says a word there.

LONE ROCK.

Curiosities of Adams and Juneau Counties.—Northwest from the Dells for thirty or thirty-five miles, and along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, plainly seen from the car windows, are many strange rock formations to interest the traveler, varying in height from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, rising perpendicular from the level country like castles or fortresses, made up of towers, columns and pillars so like the work of man as to almost bring the belief that they were built by some ancient race of people. You can take a morning train at Kilbourn and go to Camp Douglass, near where are situated some of the most interesting of these formations, among which are the "Giant's Castle," "Phantom Cathedral," "Bee Bluff," "Giant's Tomb," "Pillar Rock" and "Target Bluff," and return in the evening, if you desire. If your visit should be in June or July you would likely find some one of Wisconsin's four Infantry Regiments of National Guard in camp, learning all the arts of war possible without the actual thing, in which they are sometimes joined by a troop of "regulars." The rifle range at this camp is said to be one of the best in this country, and our Badger soldiers have become very proficient in target practice; dress parade each evening attracts crowds from all directions and quite long distances, both by railroad and teams. North from the Dells, through a good part of Adams County, there are a great many quite as remarkable rocks as those northwest, but not as easy of access. Without doubt all the region above mentioned has been a lake that has been drained away by the Wisconsin River in cutting its way through the bluffs once constituting its southern shore and thence to the Mississippi, and what an interesting lake it must have been, dotted at frequent intervals with these castles and towers standing high and imposingly above its surface.

PILLAR ROCK.

The student of geology will certainly find the whole region worthy of investigation, and particularly in the fossil markings found in the rock near New Lisbon.

GIANT'S CASTLE.

Devil's Lake.

This remarkable sheet of water has been so often described that it will be almost unnecessary to refer to it in these pages. It is situated about seventeen miles from Kilbourn and three from Baraboo, Sauk County. It is peculiar to itself, and is unrivalled in picturesque grandeur, and next to the Dells is the most charming resort in Wisconsin. There is an elegant hotel over there at the north end of the lake, the Cliff House, where tourists will find every comfort, while at the south end of the lake is situated Kirkland, with its wine cellar, and row of pretty little cottages near the beach, for the use of those who may wish to spend their vacation at this most delightful resort, and which is under the direction of the owner, Mr. N. C. Kirk, a genial, courteous gentleman. A fine little steamer, row boats, picnic grounds and many facilities for enjoyment can be had there. A carriage ride from Kilbourn to the lake is very enjoyable.

DEVIL'S DOOR WAY.

Lake Mason.

About seven miles from Kilbourn is Briggsville, in Marquette County—a quiet, pretty village, having a store or two and an excellent hotel. Here, also, is the celebrated Lake Mason, where the disciples of Izaak Walton can spend a most delightful day in fishing or trolling for pickerel and black bass. The pond is two miles in length by one mile in width. The water is pure and cool.

Jordan Lake is some fourteen miles from Kilbourn, in a northeasterly direction, and is represented as being excellent fishing grounds. Goose Lake is a fine sheet of water in the same neighborhood. Crooked Lake is some miles further along, and both contain excellent fish. Duckel's Lake is some seventeen miles from Kilbourn, and abounds in fish. These lakes are all in Adams County.

Through the Dells.

BY PERMISSION OF F. O. WIGNER.

BY JOHN CLERKE.

I.

Summer sunlight, warm and tender, glowed with splendor on the wave
As the crowded steamer plowed it, with a fare of fair and brave;
Freighted with a wealth of beauty, weighted with a world of love,
Bosoms lighter, faces brighter, ne'er were smiled on from above.
Joyously our hearts were beating, as the fleeting waters fled
Swiftly past her, as yet faster toward the Jaws the *Dell Queen* sped.
From her splashing paddles rolled the flashing waves in seething swells,
As she bore us where before us lay the wild Wisconsin Dells.
And a beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
With eyes like voilets bathed in dew,
Close to her Kilbourn lover drew,
And gazed in silent wonder.

II.

Weird and strange all! Here the Angel once displayed her carven form;—
She has vanished—rudely banished by the angry flood and storm.
All around there, where abound their homes within the brown cliff's breast,
Swallow's twitter as they flit, or circling seek the rock-hewn nest.
High Rock, towering, lifts his lowering front o'ergrown with firs and fern;
Opposite, Romance Cliff, frowning grim, looks down in aspect stern.
Chimney Rock, a shape fantastic, formed by plastic Nature's hands,
On a jutting rock abutting, quaint and solitary stands.
And the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
With cheeks like a delicate peach in hue,
Was charmed at once by the singular view,
And exclaimed, "Well, now, I never!"

III.

Standing here by Allen's Landing is the Dell House gray and old;
Trees above it—sure they love it—graciously their green arms fold.
Gray and lonely! Once the only inn throughout this region found,
How its rafters rung with laughters when the raftsmen were around!
Onward steering, we are nearing Chapel Gorge, where looking down,
As inviting to unite in worship, stands the Chapel brown.
Pause and wonder now, where under rocky arches dim and low,
Slowly floating a small boat in, through the Boat Cave we may go.
And the Kilbourn youth, whose heart was true,
To the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
Said to her—"Darling, let's I and you—"
Said she—"O dear, you're so sudden!"

IV.

Swiftly swerving round the curving channel here in Circle Bend,
Navy Yard's stout fleet is prompt to meet us, whether foe or friend,
Eaton's Grotto pleases all (or ought to) who upon it look,
But their time they idly squander who long ponder Sturgeon Rock.
Here the twilight gloom of Skylight Cave is lighted through a rift—
We may view it well as through it in a little boat we drift.
We shall miss it if we visit not the famous Gates' Ravine,
Where a hundred curious objects to be wondered at are seen.
And the Kilbourn lover, so fond and true,
His lips to the ear of the maiden drew,
And whispered—"Dear, it's as pretty as—*you*,
And one day we will go there."

V.

Hasten by it! Go not nigh it! 'Tis the Devil's Elbow named;
Those strong sinews once brought in use, e'en the boldest would be tamed.
Here old Black Hawk on his pony leaped from stony bank to bank,
And eluded his pursuers, in secluded cavern dank.
This strange tower, with tree and flower upspringing from its topmost stone,
Rattlesnake Rock—now no rattle warns that battle must be done.
Notch Rock here, the raftsmen's terror—slightest error causes wreck,
When from Sliding Rock swift gliding scarce their mad career they check.
And the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
Was somewhat startled, and puzzled, too,
As the *Doll Queen* steadily pushed on through
The rapid and intricate Narrows.

VI.

Artists' Glen is full of grandeur, could we land here to explore,
But we're brought to the Coldwater Canyon, further up the shore.
Much admire we, never tire we, of the scenery new and strange,
Deep glens, charming yet alarming, beyond fancy's wildest range.
Half the rugged path we tread in rocks o'erhead in threat'ning guise,
Frowning coldly, bend down boldly, till we half avert our eyes;
But we reach the monstrous Devil's Jug. (What revels wild were held
When this vessel was the wassail pitcher of the fiends of eld?)
But the beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
With a confident look in her eyes so blue,
Clung to her lover the whole way through,
Nor showed a sign of terror.

VII.

Jug stupendous! what tremendous power hath formed and placed thee here?
Was't some Titan who of old time took delight in wine or beer?
Or with whisky were they frisky who were wont their cares to float
On the precious liquor poured from thy capacious, gurgling throat?
Did they guzzle from the nozzle? or did each one have a mug,
As they quaffed full many a draught, and laughed and frolicked round the Jug?
Did they drink it then with "sweet'nin' in," and think it "powerful nice"
In the winter with hot water, and in hotter days with ice?
But what cared the maiden from Baraboo
What those old tipplers used to do,
So long as she had her lover true
From Kilbourn close beside her?

VIII.

Mighty pitcher! were we richer—but we stifle the fond thought;
The crusaders would invade us, kept we such a Jug-o'-naught;
So we sever. Up the river other marvels on us wait:
Devil's Arm Chair, late in which old Satan sat in solemn state;
Clam Bank, which no clams are found in, not abounding in the West;
Ruffle Rock, whose ruffles would of kissing scuffles stand the test;
Steamboat Rock, a packet stately, though not lately in the trade;
Rood's Glen, oval-shaped, and novel in the quaintnesses displayed.
And the Kilbourn lover, so honest and true,
Whispered the maiden from Baraboo,
"If you love me as I love you,
We'll be married in Rood's Glen some day."

IX.

Honey Bee Spring, which on sunny days the honey-makers seek;
Eagle Point, a feature striking, shapen like an eagle's beak;
Arch Cove, fairy bower airy, famed for Petriaqua well;
Witches' Gulch, wild and enchanting—weird folk haunting herein dwell;
Hornet's Nest, from Cliff suspended, semblance splendid, grand and tall;
Luncheon Hall, an open cavern—basket tavern, free to all;
Stand Rock, or the De'il's Tea Table—if you're able, on it spring!
Many more surprising features of Dame Nature's might we sing.
But the beautiful maiden from Baraboo
And her Kilbourn lover, so fond and true,
Have sat them down to bill and coo,
Like a pair of turtle doves!

X.

How were all those wondrous objects formed among the pond'rous rocks?
Some primeval grand upheaval shook the land with frequent shocks;
Caverns yawned and fissures widened; tempests strident filled the air;
Madly urging foaming surges through the gorges opened there;
With free motion toward the ocean, rolling in impetuous course,
Rushing, tumbling—crushing, crumbling rocks with their resistless force;
And the roaring waters, pouring on in ever broad'ning swells,
Eddying, twirling, seething, whirling, formed the wild Wisconsin Dells!
O beautiful maiden from Baraboo,
And Kilbourn lover, so tender and true,
We must bid you now a tearful adieu;
But we hope to be there with the parson.

The Legend of the Romance Cliff.

BY PERMISSION OF F. O. WISNER.

It is matter of history that something less than a hundred years ago the late John Jacob Astor, in the prosecution of his gigantic scheme to control the fur trade of the world, established a line of trading posts along the western shore of Lake Michigan, with substations at convenient distances from the main line, on the principal rivers of the region then known as "Ouisconsin."

Among these outposts, was an important one at Fort Winnebago, near the site of the now thriving City of Portage. At the time of which we write, Astor had in his employ at this point about twenty men—trappers, traders, interpreters, packmen, etc. It was customary at certain seasons of the year to send out a party of six or eight men from the fort, to visit the various Indian camps within reach, for the purpose of encouraging the chiefs to exert themselves to collect as many furs as possible during the season, and to promise them good prices for the same, upon delivery at the fort. Some one of the more intelligent of the employes was ordinarily placed in charge of such detachment, with the temporary rank and title of captain.

In the summer of 17—, a party of this sort set out from the fort, under command of a new recruit, named Jean Baptiste DeRiviere, who passed for a Canadian half-breed. This man, familiarly known among his comrades as "Handsome John," was a very intelligent young man, was well educated in French and English, and possessed all the shrewdness of an Indian, combined with not a little French suavity of manners. He was a pleasant, companionable fellow, full of chat concerning all else save himself, but on this subject he was reticent.

The destination of the party under De Riviere was the portion of Wisconsin now included within the bounds of the Towns of Newport and Delton, and its special mission to visit Wau-hat-tan, an influential chief of the Winnebago Indians. During a portion of each year, and especially during the fishing season, Wau-hat-tan with a part of his tribe occupied the low ground on the right bank of the Wisconsin River, opposite the site of the present Village of Kilbourn City. The spot is known among people in this region now as "Hurlburt Flats," and is still annually occupied for a season by the degenerate posterity of the old chief.

After a leisurely tramp along the beautiful shores of the Wisconsin, De Riviere's party reached the camp of Wau-hat-tan early in the afternoon of the second day. Most of the party were old trappers and had made frequent visits to the Winnebago camp, but the Captain, being a new hand, had never met with this tribe before. After the customary salutations, the old chief, attired in his best, beckoned the Captain to a seat on the mat covered ground, inside his wigwam. Here, through the medium of an interpreter, they held a long conversation, chiefly concerning the power and wealth of the "Great pale face, Astor," and of the wonderful things he had done and promised to do for his brother, "the great Wau-hat-tan." De Riviere did his best to impress the old chief with the importance of gathering much fur for his employer, and by his skillful address so won the confidence of his host that he was assigned the best quarters the camp afforded, with a squaw specially selected to wait upon him. The talk being over, De Riviere was conducted to his quarters, and the comely, gaudily dressed Lo-wel-li-ta (familiarly called "Lo"*) followed to prepare his supper. Stretched at his ease on a couch of ferns covered with bear-skin, the Captain rested from his tramp, while his attendant busied herself at the camp fire over a mysterious stew, the savory odor of which already began to sharpen the appetite of the hungry man. His increasing desire to test the flavor of the viands, called his attention to the process of preparation, and, with the eye of a Frenchman, he began to note the pecu-

* It is a remarkable coincidence that Pope has adopted this name for his Indian in the "Essay on Man."

liarly graceful figure which stooped over the fire. Directly, as she turned toward the wigwam, he caught a glimpse of the features of the maiden, and was so impressed with the marked refinement and beauty of the face, that his interest in the cuisine gave place to a new interest in the cook. A few more stirrings and seasonings of the broth, and supper was ready. With the graceful air of a lady, the girl—for such she evidently was, and that not beyond her twenty-second year—beckoned our captain to the rare camp table, being nothing less than her own hands. As she passed him a rude dish of steaming pottage, John admired the finely moulded arm and the delicate taper fingers. His natural politeness suggested an English "thank you," and he thought, as he caught her eye, that it was not an Indian eye, and he was sure that beneath all her paint the maiden blushed. Our captain himself possessed an attractive, manly face and figure, and had a right to his camp sobriquet, though the name seemed little to his taste, and its general adoption among his companions evidently annoyed him. As he sat there *vis-a-vis* with the waiting damsel, the suspicion became so strong that she was something more than her surroundings indicated that he grew embarrassed in her presence, and despite his appetite, he made but an uncomfortable supper. He wanted to speak to her, but he knew nothing of the Indian language, nor could he be at all certain that she knew French or English. After supper, however, and while the simple table furniture was cleared away, he had a little time to think, and he determined to ascertain, if possible, if there was any ground for his suspicion. It occurred to him that it might not be prudent to address the girl in the presence or in the hearing of the Indians, and, as they were so near by, deferred his attempt at conversation until a more favorable opportunity. An hour later, the dwellers in the wigwam nearest the one he occupied being out, he ventured to speak. The girl was just returning from the creek, where she had been for water, and as she passed his door the Captain addressed her in a low voice, in English:

"Maiden!" he said, "are you really what you seem?"

With a frightened glance toward the other wigwams, she placed her finger on her lips and gave him one pleading look, which was a sufficient answer to his question, with an added caution, by which he profited. The maiden hurried on about her work, and John ejaculated under his breath: "English, by Jove, and blue eyed! I'll take her hint of silence just now, but I'll know more about this."

So saying, he laid down, to bide his time. Night was coming on, and there was an early moon. There was an opening under the side of the wigwam, and through this he watched for Lo-wel-li-ta, watched with the eagerness of a lover, and truth to tell, the heart of the man had experienced within the last hour what was, to him, a new sensation.

Let me tell the reader a little more about Handsome John. He was a native of France, but his family moved to Canada in his childhood. There was a quiet home by the river side, not far from Quebec—a home not of luxury, but of refinement and culture—and an anxious household waited there for tidings of a wanderer. The only son of the family, kind and gentle, talented and amiable, was a restless adventurer; and, while the mother prayed that night, the boy for whom she prayed lay watching for the form of an Indian girl among these far-off Western wilds.

Eager for excitement, the young man had pushed his way into the employ of the great fur dealer in New York, asking to be sent to the frontier; and, with a hasty letter of good-bye to home and friends, he set out on the first expedition, and here we find him, peeping out into the moonlight from an Indian wigwam, and eagerly listening for a footfall which, nothing to him three hours ago, was yet so much to him now that his anxiety for its approach grew to wearisome impatience long before his ear caught the rustle of leaves from the grove just behind his couch. He started at the sound, but, remembering the warning of the maiden, he moved cautiously toward the opening, to attract her attention, and, as she passed, quietly placed in her hand a leaf from his note-book, on which he had written:

"I am your friend. Can I serve you? If so, command me.

"Your servant,

"John B. De Riviere."

He thought that the girl was deeply agitated, and that she trembled as she passed; but, renewing the sign of silence, she passed on, and he lay tossing and thinking till late in the night, but at last he fell asleep, and only woke when the sun came pouring full in his face and everybody about camp was astir. He rose hastily, and, seeing some of his men on their way to the creek, followed them, and, having refreshed himself with a bath, returned for his breakfast. Lo-wel-li-ta again attended him, but he could not catch her eye, and dared not speak, so his breakfast, though excellent, was only half enjoyed. After eating, he paid a visit to the old chief, smoked a pipe with him, but made little conversation. Wau-hat-tan made all the promises concerning business that could be asked for, and, having distributed a few trinkers among the Indians, the Captain began his preparations for a visit to another camp, a mile away. In giving directions to his men he took care to speak loud enough to be heard through all the wigwams, shouting:

"Peter! you and Louis go on ahead and find a place close by the river to camp, and we'll use our own tent to-night."

The quick ear of Lo-wel-li-ta caught the words of command, and she suspected that they were intended, in part, for her benefit. The Captain and his party were soon off, and a half hour's stroll brought them to the bank of the river, just where the huge cliffs frown at each other across the narrow passage at the foot of the rapids. The two men who had been sent on ahead had selected a camp near the foot of the cliff. The tent was soon pitched, and all hands set to work to make themselves comfortable. A fire was lighted directly, and their pork and bread, kettle and frying-pan were unpacked for use. One or two started off down the stream with fishing tackle, while the Captain, with an interpreter, visited the Indian lodge near by. The day passed pleasantly, and when night set in the party, surrounding a huge camp-fire, made themselves merry for an hour or two with song and story, and then all but the Captain lay down in their blankets and were soon asleep.

De Riviere was busy with his own thoughts and hopes and expectations, and they all clustered just then around the mysterious maiden, Lo-wel-li-ta. It was near midnight, and the bright moon was pouring all its glory across the beautiful stream at his feet. A little wearied by watching, he lay, half reclining, by the fire, enjoying the charming prospect, when suddenly a quick shadow passed close behind the tent, and a low voice reached his ear, with the brief summons, "Come." De Riviere rose quickly to his feet. The shadow was gone, but a stealthy footstep rustling over the leaves guided him, and he followed till he reached the summit of the cliff. All was black and still. Then he caught the glimpse of a hand beckoning him in the moonlight. He stepped forward a few feet toward the edge of the cliff, when suddenly a strong hand seized him by the throat, and, before he could offer any resistance, he found himself bound hand and foot and thrust into a crevice of the rock in such a way that he could scarcely move a limb. A rough hand bound a belt of wampum about his face, which effectually prevented his seeing or speaking above a whisper. "Ugh! stealee squaw me," said a voice close to his ear, and, after some further precautions to prevent his escape, the owner of the voice added: "Heap good place stay. Come again," with which comforting assurance old Wau-hat-tan, for he it was, stole stealthily away down the cliff. "Well, well," thought the Captain, "this is a predicament, sure enough," and he began to struggle to free his hands. But the old chief had done his work very thoroughly, and, after a severe effort, De Riviere gave up for the present and began to think. Let us leave him thinking, reader, while we go back a moment to the camp of Wau-hat-tan. It seems that with true Indian precaution the chief had set an old squaw to watch the Captain and his attendant the night before, and she, understanding a little English, had caught the words De Riviere had spoken, noticed the scared look of the girl, and it was she, instead of Lo-wel-li-ta, who passed by in the moonlight and received the note, repeating the sign she had seen the girl use, so that De Riviere was completely deceived. All this was duly revealed to the chief, and the note passed over to him. This note was, of course, no use as proof, for no one there could read, but the old fellow's sus-

picions were aroused, and directly the fort party had left the camp Lo-wel-li-ta was placed under strict surveillance. At night, as we have seen, Wan-hat-tan sought his revenge for what he evidently considered an attempt to steal his squaw.

After securing De Riviere the chief returned to his camp. During his absence a party who had been out on a hunting expedition had come in. They had called at the fort on their way in, and had obtained, among their purchases, a too plentiful supply of fire-water. The Winnebagoes loved whisky then as well as they do now, and before morning old Wan-hat-tan and his whole camp were sound and fast in a drunken sleep. Lo-wel-li-ta was on the look-out, and watched with eager anxiety the effect of the spirits till satisfied that all was safe, she stole softly away, and in a few moments stood beside the tent on the river bank. She suspected that there had been foul play, for she had heard Wan-hat-tan go away in the night and return. By a cautious survey of the camp she became satisfied that De Riviere was gone—but where? that was the question. She dare not wake the men to inquire, and, as it was growing light, she was about to return, when her quick eye caught sight of a bit of paper floating past, just at the edge of the stream. She hastily descended the bank and picked it up. On it was written: "On the cliff. Come quick. De R." And, sooner than I can tell the story, the daring girl had scaled the rock and stood listening. A groan attracted her attention, and she hastened to the edge of the precipice, and there, in a crevice just below her, lay De Riviere. After a most painful exertion he had succeeded in freeing one hand, and had torn the wampum off his face, but his body was so wedged in between the rocks, and his feet so bound together, that he could not help himself. With his free hand he had taken out his note book, and, having written a message on each of a score of leaves, he tore them out and threw them out upon the river, with the hope that some of them might be noticed and picked up by his party; and, with this forlorn hope to cheer him, he had struggled to free himself, but in vain, and he had just given up exhausted when Lo-wel-li-ta dropped down beside him. Without stopping for a word or even an exclamation, she cut the thongs which held his feet and dragged him, almost lifeless, to the brow of the cliff. He fell heavily as he reached the top, and lay insensible. The poor girl was in agony, but she was cool enough to know what was the matter, and what to do. She quickly loosened his clothing about the throat, and with her hands dipped water from a pool on the rock near her and sprinkled it in his face. Directly he opened his eyes with a start, and, seeming to take in the whole state of the case at a glance, he cried out: "Thank God," and then added, as his eye fell upon his brave deliverer: "Surely He has sent His angel to save my life." "No, not an angel, sir, at all, but only me," replied the girl in such pure English as revealed the fact that she was, as De Riviere had suspected, not a Winnebago squaw, but an English lady. "Is it possible that you found one of the bits of paper in the river?" asked De Riviere. "Yes, here it is," she replied, producing it. "And it is a miracle that I discovered it, but there is no time for explanations now, for Wan-hat-tan will show you no mercy if he finds you again. I know this country, you do not; follow me." So saying, she helped him to rise, and then led off down the cliff, DeRiviere following as fast as he could, but slowly and painfully at best. Lo-wel-li-ta understood the habits of Wan-hat-tan and his band, and knew that none of them would discover her absence or give her a thought, until the fire-water was all gone, and she remembered with such pleasure as the remembrance of whisky never gave before or since, that a larger supply than usual had been brought in. As they reached the foot of the cliff, the girl led the way by a circuitous path, so avoiding both camps, down to the mouth of the little creek, reaching there just as the sun was rising. Here, hid among the bushes, was a canoe, which was quickly launched, and De Riviere unwillingly submitted to kneel amidships, and permit his fair companion to do the work. She dropped lightly into the stern, and with a few vigorous strokes of the paddle sent the light craft swiftly past the low ground and under the shadow of the cliffs below. "There," said the maiden, as she blushingly yielded the paddle to De Riviere, "now we can afford an introduction. You are the

captain of the fort party, I believe, sir, and I am—well, not exactly what I seem, and my name is Margaret Stanhope. I am here and have thrust myself upon *you*, sir, in sheer desperation, as my first and only chance of escape from bondage—I pray your pardon, and now I am in your power. I believe I can trust you, but I beg you, as you fear God, help me out of my distress." During this spirited speech, there was a look in her deep blue eyes which said as plainly as words could say it, "I am afraid I have forfeited your good opinion, sir, but I appeal to your honor as a gentleman, and I trust you, because I must." De Riviere kept his eyes fixed upon her face until she had finished, and then replied, more like a civilized lover than a frontiersman: "My dear lady, I believe I owe you my life; but were it not so, a lady in distress has a claim upon me, which, God helping me, I will never fail to honor. My name is De Riviere, and my business here you already know, but," added he, "may I be permitted to know something more of Miss Stanhope's history?" "Certainly," she replied, coloring a little, the name was so new to her, "but first, what are your plans?" "To go directly to the fort," he replied, "and it is probably safest and best to follow the river." "Very well," she replied, "as you think best, and now for my story in brief. My father was a New Orleans merchant. Five years ago he visited the upper waters of the Mississippi, and with a foolish love of adventure, and not a little determined obstinacy, I fear, I earnestly begged to accompany him. He at first objected, but at length yielded to my importunity, for my mother died in my infancy and I was a petted, spoiled child. But let me make my story very short. I went with my father and saw him brutally murdered by the Sioux Indians. I fell into their hands a prisoner and lived with them until about a year ago. In a battle between the Sioux and Winnebagoes, the latter were victorious, and I, with other prisoners, was brought away to this region, reaching the present camp of Wau-hat-tan a little less than three months since. I have been generally treated with kindness by the Indians; have never met with a serious insult, nor any gross rudeness whatever. Why, God knows. It is He who has protected me while many poor creatures of my own sex have been most cruelly beaten and overtasked. On my arrival here I soon learned that there was a trading station near by, and I have been watching every day for an opportunity to escape, and here I am."

The thought of what this brave girl had endured, brought tears to the Captain's eyes, and in a voice full of sympathy he thanked her for her story and her confidence.

The sun was now well up, and hot, but they dare not stop. Keeping the boat under the shadow of the shore as much as possible, they hurried on, and a little past noon they reached the fort landing and proceeded at once to the quarters of the commandant. There was not a little rude staring and some coarse jesting among the men who were lounging about when De Riviere passed in with a Winnebago squaw, as she appeared to be, and Miss Stanhope felt it so keenly that she said to De Riviere, "I have been nearly five years with the Indians, but never have I been so ill treated in my life before as by these, my own countrymen." A moment's conversation with Colonel Stimson, the commandant, explained all, and in the hospitable home of Mrs. Stimson, our heroine doffed the habiliments of the forest for more fitting attire, and though some traces of paint remained a long time to remind her and others of the past, yet her new-found friends soon forgot the comely Lo-wel-li-ta in the beautiful form and face, and the yet more beautiful character, of sweet Maggie Stanhope.

Here she lived till the autumn expedition to the lake, when she, longing for civilization, and Captain De Riviere longing for *her*, found their way to New York. Thence they journeyed to that quiet home on the Canadian river, and there in after days grandfather John told to Maggies of the third and fourth generations, the strange story of grandma Lo-wel-li-ta.

This, reader, is the romance of the cliff over yonder, on your left as you enter the Dells from below. The story must be true, for it is vouched for by a number of very respectable descendants of the great WAU-HAT-TAN.

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